

## WASHINGTON CRITIC



EVERY EVENING.

BY THE  
WASHINGTON CRITIC COMPANY.

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OFFICE: No. 943 D Street Northwest,

Post Building,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

TERMS:

Single Copy, 2 Cents

By Mail, postage paid, one year, \$5.00

By Mail, postage paid, six months, \$3.00

Mail subscriptions invariably in advance.

Address

THE WASHINGTON CRITIC,

Washington, D. C.

WASHINGTON, JANUARY 22, 1889.

Amusements To-night.

LAUGH'S GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.

MAJESTIC—Maggie Mitchell.

MAJESTIC—Two Johns.

MAJESTIC—Polly Company.

NATIONAL—Cora Tanner.

COLUMBIA—Battle of Shiloh.

NO LIQUOR AT THE BALL.

The inaugural ball or reception to

President Harrison, at the Pension building

on the evening of March 4, will undoubtedly

surpass in magnificence any similar gathering in the history of the

Republic.

The majestic proportions and splendor

of the rotunda or court of the Pension

building for such a reception and ball is

unequaled in the world.

For this occasion it will be decorated

with artistic beauty never surpassed, and

will be illuminated with over 1,000 incan-

descent electric lights.

Then the presence of thousands of

elegantly-attired, beautiful women and

handsome men moving over the great

floor, animated by the charm of spirited

music from several hundred pieces,

together with the several balconies filled

with lookers-on, with bright eyes and

handsome toilets, gazing at the moving

panorama below, will present a gorgeous

spectacle seldom equaled in social

history.

There will be in this display such a

stimulus as will render the use of other

intoxicants unnecessary, and we trust

that the managers will prohibit abso-

lutely the use of wines or liquors on this

national occasion.

Let us come together this time stimu-

lated only with patriotic devotion to

welcoming at the seat of the Government

of the United States a new President of

the Republic of the people, by the people

and for the people.

As well might wines and liquors be

introduced at the White House recep-

tions, with its crowds of guests, as at

this grander but similar occasion.

THE CITY POSTOFFICE.

The House yesterday, under the sus-

pension of rules, by a vote of 109 to 108

refused to pass the bill for the purchase

of the Sixth and D streets site for the

City Postoffice, and from the opposition

developed it is very clear that no bill

selecting a particular site can be passed

this Congress. The only solution of the

City Postoffice question, as admitted by

at least two-thirds of the Members, is

the adoption of the Richardson

bill, which leaves the selection of a

site to a committee of three,

consisting of the Postmaster-General,

the Secretary of the Interior and the

Architect of the Treasury, their selection

to be approved by the President. But

Mr. Dibble, chairman of the Committee

on Public Buildings and Grounds, for

some unknown reason, is opposed to the

Richardson bill, and unless the bill is

reintroduced and referred to some

other committee the prospects are

that no other City Postoffice bill will

be passed this session.

The Senate has put on an amendment

to an appropriation bill looking to the

purchase of the Le Droit Square site,

and notwithstanding the strong lobby

which is said to be behind the scheme,

it will be knocked out in the House. If

Congress desires to give Washington a

postoffice in keeping with the other pub-

lic buildings, and Members and Senators

express themselves in favor of so doing,

let them pass the Richardson bill and

the question will be at once settled.

HON. GEORGE CHRIST of Arizona has

been visiting Mr. Harrison. The name

is familiar, but we were not aware that

it had ever been recognized in Arizona.

LORD SALISBURY has ordered an Eng-

lish fleet to Samoa. As soon as we get

our built we'll send it over there, too,

and blow thunder out of the whole bus-

iness. We are undoubtedly the greatest

Nation on earth.

MR. CLARKSON will weep very many

bitter tears if General Harrison insists

upon him going into his Cabinet.

MR. JOHN H. ALLEN has written a very

concise and comprehensive volume on

"The Tariff and Its Evils." We have

examined the work carefully and dis-

cover that it has totally overlooked the

leading evil of the tariff, to wit: the

amount of continuous, never-ending, in-

fernal, everlasting talk about it. If

Mr. Allen will add a supplement which

will contain a prescription to cure this

## CRITICISM.

Oh, woe some power the gift give us  
From all our Post Office troubles free us.

In Society:  
Small Boy (to society young man, calling):

You must have cut a good deal yesterday

evening, didn't you, Mr. Brickybrack?

Mr. B. On the contrary, Tommie, I didn't

cut anything. I was doing the reception.

Small Boy: Well, that's funny. Sister said

she saw you, and you was so bloated full you

couldn't hardly walk.

Old song: And Spring would be but gloomy

weather if we had nothing else but Spring.

THE LADY SUPERSTARS.

Pretty as a picture,

Silk and sunny locks,

Lovely eyes all looking

For the ballot box.

Warmful as the sunshine,

Voices like the note

Of divilish music,

Singing for a vote.

Eyes as bright as starlight,

Merely they dance

In the hope of wearing

Gentlemanly pants.

Hands as white as lilies,

Softer than the snow—

Hands to yank a voter

Where he ought to go.

Hearts so gently tender,

Ever fond and true,

Anxious to be doing

What the men should do.

Oh, ladies, ladies, ladies,

The sweetest of the best

Of all the Lord's creation—

Please give yourselves a rest.

When retail dealers organize a "Trust" it

is never for the benefit of their customers.

Metecologically speaking, Zero is an un-

known quantity this winter.

LAST NIGHT IN THE SENATE.

Relaxation of the Customary Dignity of

That Honorable Body.

The first night session held by the Sen-

ate this season drew crowded galleries.

The ladies seemed almost to outnumber

the men in the galleries, consequently

there was much stroking of beards and

pulling down of vests, and adjusting of

neckties among the Senators on the floor.

Senator Butler, the handsome, appeared

in a full-dress suit, and there was flut-

tering of fans and whispering among the

ladies when he took his seat.

Senator Frye wore a bright red rose in

his lapel, and with hand in the breast

of his coat took in every inch a Senator

as he strode about the Chamber.

The debate on the wool clause was not

stirring, but several little episodes kept

the onlookers interested.

About 9:30 o'clock Senator Butler re-

turned to a cloak room, followed by Sen-

ator Vance. After a reasonable length of

time the latter returned, wiping his lips.

Senator Butler came to the door of the

cloak room and beckoned across the

chamber to Don Cameron. With a

happy expectant South-Carolina-moun-

tain-dew-lid look upon his face Sen-

ator Cameron tripped across the chamber,

and the two disappeared. A couple of

other Senators who had witnessed the

scene quickly followed suit. Others

listened intently to catch the pleasant

gurgles which emanate from the mouth of

a man in full action.

About 10 o'clock Senator Blair, who is

not accustomed to late hours, fell asleep

in his chair. Just a few feet away from

him was Senator Call, with head thrown

back and mouth open, fast asleep. A

gentle sound, as of a distant fog-horn

sounding over the lovely sea, emanated

from Mr. Call's nasal organ. It woke

both gentlemen. They looked at each

other guiltily. "That's on me," said

Mr. Call and retired to the water-

closet.

A shudder of amazement went through

the Senate when Mr. Ingalls came out of

the chair and ensconced himself in an

arm chair in the cloak room door, in full

view, cocked up his legs and smoked a

cigar. The coup of the evening, how-

ever, was made by Mr. Vance when he

arose in his seat and read the following

parody:

A GIRL WITH ONE STOCKING—A PROTECTIVE

PANTALON.

[Composed and arranged for the old spin-

ning-wheel; and respectfully dedicated to that

devoted friend of protected machinery and

high taxes, the Senator from Rhode Island.]

Our Mary had a little lamb,

And her heart was most intent

To make its wool, beyond its worth,

Bring fifty-six per cent.

But a pauper girl across the sea,

Had a small lamb also.

Whose wool for less than half that sum

She'd willingly let go.

Another girl, who had no sheep,

Wore stockings, wool, or flax.

But money just enough to buy

A pair without the tax.

Went to the pauper girl to get

Some wool to shield her feet.

And made her stockings not of tax,

But both of wool complete.

When Mary saw the girl's design,

She straight began to swear

That she would make her both wool and tax,

Or let one leg go bare.

So she cried out "rotter" from the front

That pauper's sheep wool free,

If made to keep both her legs warm

What will "concurrence" be!

So it was done and people said

Wherever that poor girl went

That she made her both wool and one

With fifty-six per cent.

Once praise to Mary and her lamb

Who did this scheme invent,

To cloth one-half of her in wool

And one-half in per cent.

All honor, too, to Mary's friend,

And all protection's acts;

Who clothed her in the rich in wool,

And woe the poor in tax!

The City Postoffice.

EDITOR OF THE CRITIC: Now we have the

same thing over again in the House, and

to prevent the purchase of the square im-

mediately west of the General Postoffice building—

a square which everybody should know the

Government must secure sooner or later, and

accountable to every point of view. Many

of the Senators has for years been unani-

mously in favor of buying—one member rises

in his place and states that it would cost \$1,

\$200,000—a sum at least \$500,000, or there-